

The Attiduary Galaxy.

"IN THE DARK AND TROUBLED NIGHT THAT IS UPON US, THERE IS NO STAR ABOVE THE HORIZON TO GIVE US A GLEAM OF LIGHT, EXCEPTING THE INTELLIGENT, PATRIOTIC WHIG PARTY OF THE UNITED STATES."—WEBSTER.

VOLUME XIII.

MIDDLEBURY, VERMONT, TUESDAY MORNING, MARCH 6, 1849.

NUMBER 45.

JOSEPH H. BARRETT, EDITOR.

TERMS OF VOLUME XIII.

Village subscribers, within the State, . . . \$2.00
If not paid within the year, . . . \$1.50
Mail subscribers out of the State, . . . \$2.00
Individuals and Companies who take at the office, . . . \$1.50, or \$1.75 if not paid within the year.
Those who take of Postmasters, . . . \$2.00
If not paid at the end of the year, . . . \$2.25
No papers discontinued until arrearages are paid, except at the option of the proprietor. No contract with, or payment made to Carriers, cash, keeping, or otherwise, allowed, except as noted by the proprietor.
All communications must be addressed to the Editor, Post Office.

JOSEPH H. BARRETT, 8 Congress street, Boston, is authorized to transact business for this paper.

JUSTUS COBB, PUBLISHER,
BY WHOM ALL KINDS OF BOOKS AND JOB PRINTING WILL BE EXECUTED ON SHORT NOTICE.

Poetry.

HOW SOFTLY ON THE BRUISED HEART.

BY C. D. STUART.

How softly on the bruised heart
A word of kindness falls,
And to the dry and parched soul
The moistened tear-drop calls;
O, if they knew, who walk the earth
'Mid sorrow, grief and pain,
The power a word of kindness hath,
'Tis a paradise again.

The weakest, and the poorest, may
This simple platitude give,
And bid delight to wither'd hearts
Return again to live;
O, what is life, if love be lost?
If man's unkind to man—
Or what the heaven that waits beyond
This brief and mortal span?

As stars upon the tranquil sea
In mimic glimmers shine,
So words of kindness in the heart
Reflect their source divine;
O, then, be kind, who'er thou art
That breathe'st mortal breath,
And it shall brighten all thy life,
And sweeten even in death.



AGRICULTURAL.

AGRICULTURAL DISCUSSION.

The Governor of New York, in his message to the Assembly, recommended the establishment of Agricultural schools, which called forth a debate on the subject, from which we take the following extract:

Mr. CLEVELAND said: The subject of Agricultural Chemistry has been alluded to, and we hear it frequently of the Agricultural school, mainly with a view to the advantages to be derived from the study therein of Agricultural Chemistry. Now, Agricultural Chemistry is doing an immense benefit. It is opening the book, to the practical farmer, of truths, which has long been closed, from which he is enabled to read the most valuable instruction, but for this science unlearned. But, sir, an Agricultural school is to result in benefits of immense importance, besides those imparted by Agricultural Chemistry. We know very little, as a class of people, of the component parts of plants and grains, and soils, and manures. Agricultural Chemistry will give us instruction in this. We are grossly ignorant of the practical parts of husbandry. I do not confess to more ignorance than any practical farmers around me; but I am free to confess that I know very little.

What do we know about our domestic animals, of all varieties? My neighbors say that I have some good ones—and yet how difficult to describe their qualities! Begin at the head, or that which is ranked the head. Take the horse. How few know all about him—how few, when a horse is led out before them, can rightly describe his distinctive marks—can tell his breed, his blood. Ask what are the distinguishing qualities of the Arabian blood. We know little about it. Who of us can state the difference between the Arabian and English blood horse—what should be the difference between the draught horse—what should be the formation and the general structure, to insure a good animal for this kind of labor—how make the selection for speed, for endurance for the road, for all work? We know very little about it, and instruction in such an institution would enlighten us properly in respect to all this.

Of the disease of horses, how little do farmers as a class know. A farmer has a valuable horse, for which he has been offered several hundred dollars. He goes to the stable in the morning, and finds that his horse refuses his feed. The horse is evidently sick, but he knows nothing about the disease. He goes to a man who has a reputation in the neighborhood as a horse doctor, and the chances are eight out of ten, that after he has had the horse doctor, he has—the skin of the horse! The "doctor" blusters over

a long catalogue of hard names for the disease, and harder still for the medicine—which is probably the worst thing he could have given him. The horse dies, and the owner's only consolation is, to be told that nothing could cure him.

But let a man be skilled in veterinary treatment give lessons on the disease and the treatment of the horse. Would there be no advantage in that? Is not that worth going for? When there is not a farmer around us, but owns or expects to own a horse or a pair of them, and not only the farmer but men in all pursuits.

And so as to cattle, in all their varieties and properties. Take the Short Horn Durham, the Devonshire, the Teeswater, the Ayrshire. Which is which? What proportion out of an hundred can tell? Ask their several characteristics: the qualities of this milking, of that for butter, of that for putting on flesh; this for early maturity. Ask how, when, where are the evidences of all these qualities. Ask the characteristics of our native breeds, all our best breeds that we have on the farm. Sir, the pupils in this school, when they have had sufficient time to learn their profession well—when they shall have been well educated, and I insist upon it, if this takes place, farming will become a profession—will know to answer all these practical, important questions properly. He will go back to his or his father's farm, and will benefit, beside himself, his unenlightened neighbor. He will see the discretion which the other uses in the selection of his stock, their breeding, &c., and will profit by it. The educated farmer will be happy to impart his information; it will not be of a superfluous kind, that of all others the most valuable.

So too as to our fields. We know what is clay, for we have ploughed in it; what is gravel, by the pebbles and disintegrated rock; the muck by its color; but ask us the component parts of all this, and we are *num*, we know nothing about it.

We want to know what crops suit best the soil we own, and how to grow them. We want to know in such an institution as we hope to see established, experience would be thoroughly made, and results carefully ascertained. They would stand on record and we would know something of it. We would not sow our seed on ungenial soil, but would place it where the capacity of the soil is best fitted for it. Nor would the result be profitable to one alone. The scholar would carry it home to his own field. Straightway his neighbor sees his practices—notes the result—imitates, copies and profits by it.

What would be the result, sir, on the aggregate wealth of this State. If the farmer can realize for his horses on his farm three hundred dollars, for a better breed six hundred—for his cattle, by better breeds, an increase of fifty per cent. If he can go to work in the field and farm the same land at less expense, produce fifty per cent more of crop, what would be the result to the aggregate wealth, what the diminution of tax—for as the dollar increases, the rate of tax diminishes.

It is the knowledge of our profession that will raise it. It will put the farmer side by side with his now, often envied and held in reverence, neighbor.

In such an institution the pupil will have his lesson, and read and think. It is the thinking man that is the improving man. You can never make an intelligent man till you teach him to think. Burritt the Blacksmith, Franklin the Printer, are what they are, because they were men of thought. If he thinks, he is an intelligent man, he may be a great man. In such an institution, his studies would be not all about the horse and the sheep, the class might be divided into several departments. He would find time for geography, he would find time for history, for statesmanship, as well as for other things. You would find him peering into the natural sciences. He would be taught the constituent elements of the earth. He would be searching the strata, and opening the leaves of the stone book and reading the ways of old time—what the rocks are made of, and how made. And this man, this educated man, is a farmer—the representative of his time. The farmer of the past, his class an elevated one, no longer an overlooked or less esteemed one, he is called an elevated one, and he takes his position along side of the most learned in all departments of society.

Hon. Mr. CLEVELAND, (the Chairman) remarked: That although an education is indispensable, that education must be both scientific and practical. I believe that an Agricultural school, which was purely scientific, would be of great benefit, but the want of the application of the principles directly to agricultural utility. It is necessary to be taught the *modus operandi* in every portion of work. Experience is necessary to make farmers. How are you to direct the manner in which the pupil shall hold the plough. He must see the plough set in the soil—see how the soil is pulverized to prepare it for the crop—learn the minutiae how to plant—how to sow—the most profitable and advantageous management—what the process of industry is—and what nature does. This taught and practised, will enable him, when he becomes a farmer, to show, by his competency, the excellence of the education he has received.

The farm should be large enough to exhibit the different varieties of soil—committed to the charge of some competent person. Without that, the opportunity of organizing a school well may be lost.

Mr. C. alluded to the deficiencies so prevalent in the education often given to those who were destined for agricultural pursuits—the great preponderance of the merely scientific over the practical—and trusted that in carrying out the recommendation of the Governor, which he earnestly hoped would be done, this error could be avoided, and a sure, sound, practical system made a sure basis for its continuance.

Farmers will see in the healthy aspect of the wool market, the advantages of the change in the administration. Manufacturers have been inspired, by this change, with confidence that the Locomotive Tariff will be set aside for the Whig American Tariff, and in this confidence they are preparing to go ahead, and are buying up wool at improved prices. Money is yet hard, and well it may be, for that great, monstrous monopoly, the Sub-Treasury, has looked up in its joy embrace some six millions of specie, thereby entailing the amount of money in circulation among the people, some eighteen million of dollars.

MISCELLANY.

THIS TIME TWO YEARS.

CONCLUDED.

And I did remember it, and fully purposed being in England and at the hall at least a day or two before the long-forgotten anniversary; but various provoking casualties retarded my arrival at the place of embarkation, and I reached it at last, only to undergo the mortification of seeing the packet for England just disappearing on the verge of the horizon. To await her return and next departure would be to delay my arrival at Hawkwood, till far too late to keep my pledge with Rosamond. This, if avoidable, was not to be thought of. My only chance was to freight a vessel for the passage; but the weather was most unfavorable—so threatening, indeed, that it required all the persuasive eloquence of high bribing to prevail with the owner and crew of a small fishing craft to venture with me. But love of lucre outweighs even love of life. *Allesse! poussez! Monsieur le capitaine d'armement!* terminated the captain's deliberation, and *Cesar* and his fortunes, embarked in *La gentille Suzette*, a cockle-shell of fifteen tons, manned by two men and a boy, in a sea that ran hills if not mountains high, with a squally side wind, which gave little promise of blowing us to the port we made for. A wild passage we had of it in truth. So much so, that at one time I doubted whether I had not incurred too fearful a responsibility in perilling—not my own life only—but those of my servant and the poor Frenchmen—(perhaps husbands and fathers)—and all to keep trust with my pretty cousin at her birthday festival. In vain we tacked and tacked to make the wished-for haven; and at last the sailors, giving up the fruitless struggle, took a little from the land, in hopes of making a more successful run for a landing place farther down the coast. To which proposal I assented the more readily, on making out with some difficulty, from their foreign pronunciation, that the little harbor they had in view was that of the small fishing town of Averton, in some sort a dependency of Hawkwood, and not quite a league from the old Hall. My Gallic crew proved themselves so well acquainted with the coast, and all its most snug and convenient creeks and inlets, that it was pretty evident such knowledge could not have been acquired in the course of their lawful and honorable calling; but that was no business of mine, and I felt I might place full confidence in men who had often risked their lives (for whatever purpose) in making the shore we were nearing under somewhat perilous circumstances, and rendering more so by the fast closing darkness of a starless, moonless night.

My confidence was not misplaced. *La gentille Suzette* proved herself a capital seaman, but a half suppressed sea sickness, and soon we were again standing in for shore, and my heart danced with gladness, when streaming through the now intense darkness, appeared the scattered lights of Averton, and far above, on the neighboring height, a more brilliant and conspicuous beacon, which proceeded I well knew, from Hawkwood, and doubtless, from the long windows of the new building, where, thought I, *Rose* is dancing away at this moment, too surely blaming in her heart her cousin's faithlessness, little suspecting how much he has ventured to keep his engagement. But I shall still be in time for a dance at the close, if not the beginning of the evening, and how I shall surprise them all, making my sudden appearance at such an hour!

"So blithely commencing with my own thoughts, when the little vessel ran in at last, I sprang upon the hard bench with a light and grateful heart, full of affectionate yearnings toward the dear kindred group with which I was soon to mingle; and giving directions to my servant (an old habitué of the place) and one of the French sailors, to follow with the most indispensable part of my luggage, I ran on faster than my loaded at long would follow up the stairs, where, through the church clock struck ten only, as I leapt ashore, all was buried in profound repose, except that a loud hammering sound proceeded from the church, the great door of which stood open; from whence, and from the lance windows on either side of the street into the stable-yard of the Hawkwood manse, there stood a black and buddled mass, which, as we passed close to it, was just distinguishable as a hearse and its attendant mourning coaches.

"Marvellous!—incomprehensible!—that not a single foreboding of evil shot through my heart at that lugubrious spectacle!—Not a thought—not a fear—not the slightest misgiving connecting the images of the dear ones I was hastening to with those ominous objects, and the dark house of kindred dead appropriated to our family in the adjacent church. 'Who can be for?' was my careless mental query, as, without slackening my pace, I strode across the porch, and plunged into the darkness that was no darkness to me in the well-known road to Hawkwood. Arrived at the great gate at no considerable distance from the house I slackened my pace for a moment, while I gave directions to my servant to proceed onward by the back entrance—to make his way as quietly and secretly as might be to my old apartment, (which was I knew in readiness to receive me), and prepare every thing for my toilet, without uttering the secret of the wanderer's return to transpire beyond the officers;—for I was boyishly set on surprising Rosamond with my sudden apparition. An abrupt turning in the drive brought me suddenly full in view of the seaward front toward which I had been directed to look for the recent additions—and there sure enough, it blazed upon me in dazzling brightness.

I stood still for a moment, and, as I gazed, a something—a strange nervous feeling crept over me—and made me without my breath, and then draw it hard and quick, as, with a forced laugh at my own folly, I was again starting forward. But something stronger than myself held me back, as it were, to gaze—to listen—to conjecture. How strange that all should be so still on such a night! So still one might have heard a leaf drop. No hum of voices, not a foot-fall, not a hoof-stamp, stifling or office. No strain of music, no sounds of revelry from that lighted hall-room, where rarely the birthday guests were assembled, else wherefore that brilliant illumination? But it was *only* there—only those three long windows. All on either side and above was shrouded in darkness, except that from a window on the second story, which I knew to be that of Lady de

Beauvoir's chamber, the pale sickly rays of a watchlight played on the side wall and the lawn below, in large flickering checkers.

Then first—then first, I never shall forget that moment—then first, my mind confused amidst the fearful images, all—all connected with those funeral preparations I had noted so carelessly in the engrossing selfishness of my own impatient gladness. My father! my dear father! My kind uncle, and Lady de Beauvoir!—(I never felt till then how well I loved her)—and Rosamond! sweet, dear Rosamond!—Oh! but to know they were all well—and that it were not so, why should that room be lit up for a festival? I shuddered at my thought's inward whirling; but, acceping myself to confront the truth, was again bounding onward, when my steps were impeded by some living creature that leapt against me with a low whistle of recognition, and licked my face and hands with affectionate welcome, as stooping down, I felt the glossy head and long silken ears of Marco, Rosamond's pet spaniel. Taking it in my arms I would have proceeded, but the little creature struggled to get loose, and when I let it go, it barked and whined and intercepted my progress with such singular pertinacity as to make me sensible of its desire to lead me straight across the lawn to the illuminated windows, from which I guessed it had issued on scenting my approach by its wonderfully acute instinct. 'Be it so, Marco!' I mentally ejaculated, 'lead me then at once. These horrid doubts will be dispelled or confirmed by one glance through those lighted windows. But as I approached them, followed by the little spaniel's eager lead, I perceived that the white blinds of all were lowered to the ground, and though the middle one stood ajar, no sound proceeded thence—all within was still, was silent as the grave. The grave!—Oh God! that thought struck to my heart. But there was no time to hesitate—to recollect—to man myself. Marco leaped round as if inviting me to follow, and slipping through the half-opened door, I found the lighted interior of the room, and I caught a glimpse of—

I scarce knew what, but it froze my heart's blood, and yet nerved me to a strange rigidity of purpose. I caught the closing blind. The next moment I had crossed the threshold, and stood as if turned to marble in the full ghastly glare of a profusion of immense wax-lights, set round a long and lofty apartment hung with the half-undrawn and half-drawn curtains, and in the center of the room, a beautiful girl, and upon a bier immediately beneath that picture stood a coffin half covered with its flowing pall.

Mr. Faulkner paused for a moment, overpowered by vivid recollections. Not a word was uttered by either of his sympathizing hearers, but a half suppressed sea sickness, and soon we were again standing in for shore, and my heart danced with gladness, when streaming through the now intense darkness, appeared the scattered lights of Averton, and far above, on the neighboring height, a more brilliant and conspicuous beacon, which proceeded I well knew, from Hawkwood, and doubtless, from the long windows of the new building, where, thought I, *Rose* is dancing away at this moment, too surely blaming in her heart her cousin's faithlessness, little suspecting how much he has ventured to keep his engagement. But I shall still be in time for a dance at the close, if not the beginning of the evening, and how I shall surprise them all, making my sudden appearance at such an hour!

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ENCOUNTER WITH A GRIZZLY BEAR.

One of the dangers connected with a trapper's life in the Rocky Mountains, as illustrated by the incident given below, taken from Burton's "Adventures in Mexico."

The grizzly bear is the fiercest of the ferocious animals of the mountains. His great strength and wonderful tenacity of life renders an encounter with him any thing but desirable, and therefore it is a rule with the Indians and white hunters never to attack him unless backed by a strong party. Although, like every other wild animal, he usually flees from man, yet at certain seasons, when maddened by love or hunger, he not unfrequently charges at first sight of a foe; when, unless killed dead, a hug at close quarters is any thing but pleasant embrace, his strong hooked claws stripping the flesh from the bones as easily as a cook peels an onion. Many are the tales of bloody encounters with these animals which the trappers delight to recount to the 'gentle horn,' to enforce their claims on the goodlands of ever-attacking the grizzly bear.

Some years ago a trapping party was on their way to the mountains, led, I believe, by old Sublette, a well known captain of the West. Among the band was one John Glass, a trapper who had been all his life in the mountains, and had seen, probably, more exciting adventures, and had had more wonderful escapes, than any of the rest of the party. He was a man of a cheerful and lively disposition, who made the West his home, and whose life was spent in a succession of perils and privations. On one of the streams running from the 'Black Hills,' a range of mountains north of the Platte, Glass and a companion were one day setting their traps, when, on passing through a cherry thicket, which skirted the stream, the former, who was in advance, descried a large grizzly bear quietly turning up the trail with his nose, searching for sympathetic pine nuts, which were abundant. Glass immediately called his companion and both, proceeding cautiously, crept to the skirts of the thicket, and, taking steady aim at the animal, whose broadside was fairly exposed at the distance of twenty yards, discharged their rifles at the same instant, both balls taking effect, but not inflicting a mortal wound. The bear, giving a groan of pain, jumped with all four legs from the ground, and, seeing the smoke of smoke hanging at the edge of the brush, charged at once in that direction, snorting with pain and fury.

"Hurrah, Bill!" roared out Glass, as he saw the animal rushing towards them, "we'll be made 'meat' of as sure as shooting!" And, leaving the tree behind which he had concealed himself, he bolted through the thicket, followed closely by his companion. About a hundred yards from the thicket was a steep bluff, and behind these points was a level piece of prairie; Glass saw that his only chance was to reach this bluff, and shouting to his companion to make for it, they both broke from the cover and flew like lightning across the open space. When more than half way across, Glass, who was leading, tripped over a stone and fell to the ground, and just as he rose to his feet, the bear, rising on his hind feet, confronted him. As he closed, Glass, never losing his presence of mind, cried to his companion to load up quickly, and discharged his pistol full into the body of the animal, at the same moment that the bear, with the blood streaming from his nose and mouth, knocked the pistol from his hand with one blow of its paw, and fixing its claws deep into his flesh, rolled with him to the ground.

The hunter, notwithstanding his deplorable situation, struggled manfully, drawing his knife and plunging it several times into the side of the bear, which, furious with pain, tore with tooth and claw, the body of the wretched victim, actually baring the ribs of flesh, and exposing the very bones. Weak with the loss of blood, and with eyes blinded by the blood which streamed from his lacerated scalp, the knife at length fell from his hand, and Glass sank down insensible, and to all appearance dead.

Months elapsed, the hunt was over, and the party of trappers were on their way to the trading fort with their packs of beaver, when a horseman was seen slowly approaching them along the bank of the river. When near enough to discern his figure, they saw a lank, cadaverous form, with a face as scarred and disfigured as a weathered log, and a body that seemed a feature of horror. Approaching the leading horseman, one of whom happened to be the companion of the dead Glass in his memorable bear-slaying, the stranger, in a hollow voice, rearing in his horse before them, exclaimed, "Hurrah, Bill, my boy! you thought I was 'gone under' that time, didn't you? But hand me over my horse and gun, my lad! I ain't dead yet."

There he was, and no mistake about it; he had all recovered around to hear, from his lips, how after the lapse of five long years, he had gradually recovered, and being without arms, or even a butcher knife, he had fed upon the almost putrid carcass of the bear for several days, until he had regained sufficient strength to crawl, when, tearing off as much of the bear's meat as he could carry in his enfeebled state, he crept down the river, and, suffering excessive torture from the heat and hunger, and cold, he made the best of his way to the fort, which was some eighty or ninety miles from the place of his encounter with the bear, and living the greater part of the way upon roots and berries, he after many days arrived in a pitiable state, from which he had now recovered, and was, to use his own expression, "as slick as a peeled onion."

Old friends are best. King James used to call for his old shoes; they were cast for his feet.—Selden's Table Talk.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

MARLBORO' HOTEL, Boston, Feb. 26.

CHURCH REFORM.—The provincial and criminal judges of Kentucky, has issued a special edict, strictly forbidding the drowning of female children, which, he says is very common at Canton. He denounces it as "against all morality and civilization," and says that "it disturbs the harmony of Heaven."

MEANS OF UNION.—In noticing quite a number of religious revivals in different parts of the country, the Family Visitor says:—"There is a revival in progress at Lafayette, Ill., which is a matter of much rejoicing. The meetings are conducted by the ministers of the several denominations in the place. Never before was there so perfect a union."

"We hope our readers will notice the fact, that in nearly all the revivals mentioned, different religious denominations have cordially united in promoting them, and all have shared in the precious divine influence. We believe the whole experience of the churches goes to show, that whenever they are revived, a cordial union among them takes place."

BEST NATIONAL SECURITY.—The London Christian Times, in contrasting the quiet of Great Britain with the agitated state of the Continent says:—"Our people are largely under the influence of the Bible, millions reverence the Sabbath and assemble for worship. Forty thousand Protestant pastors are engaged every Sabbath. Hundreds of thousands of Sabbath school teachers go forth to their work; Scripture readers and benevolent visitors in endless variety of ways, are pressing on the religious movements. The civil aspect of the country is such, the religious elements at work are so effective, acceptable, and growing in the midst of us, that we do not look forward to the future with alarm."

LIGHT IN DARKNESS.—The London Church Missionary Society has several prosperous Missions in Western Africa. The station of Regent is one of much promise; the village contains about 1,500 inhabitants, who have been almost wholly redeemed from Paganism. The church numbers 408 communicants, besides a large number of candidates.

DISCOVERY IN ABYSSINIA.—Lieut. Lynch, commander of the United States exploring expedition to the Dead Sea, writes, "On the coast of Moab, we were greeted by a deputation of Christians from Kerk, the Kerkite Moab of the Bible. The joy of this people at meeting us was unbounded. We told them our forms of worship in America differed from their own. What matters that? Christ died for all. Do you not believe in him?" When we assured them that we did, they said, "Then what are forms before God? He looks at the heart. We are brothers. And brothers they continued to call us to the last. They number about 150 families, and live in the only town now left in the once populous country of Moab. These poor Christians are much tyrannized over by their Moslem neighbors."

NEW PAPERS.—A Missionary writes from Malta, that a Newspaper, in the Italian language, under religious auspices, is about to be established there. An Editor, with all his printing materials, lately left Norwich, (Ct.) for San Francisco; and apparatus for printing a number of Newspaper establishments has been recently forwarded from New York to California.

THE SABBATH.—Twelve Railroad Companies have, this past year, discontinued the running of their cars on the Sabbath, in accordance with the very full expression of public sentiment.

THE FRENCH NATIONAL ASSEMBLY have decreed, unanimously, that "no employer shall be allowed to compel his men to work on Sunday."

MEETING IN RETREAT OF COLLEGES.—The usual public meeting for the last Thursday of February, in reference to the advancement of spiritual religion in Colleges and Seminaries, was held in Bowdoin street church. The interesting exercises were conducted by Rev. Drs. Beecher and Waterbury, and Rev. Messrs. Stone, Rindell and Blagden.

Mr. Rindell, as Secretary of the American Education Society, stated that the present number of Colleges in the U. S. was 118; the number of their students, undergraduates, in regular classes, about 10,000; but including those in preparatory and professional studies, from 12,000 to 15,000.

The number of graduates from New England Colleges the last year was 412; which, added to those graduated from old England Colleges beyond New England, some 1,500 men had been educated, would make 1,912.

There had been religious revivals in these Colleges the past year; all of which, it was stated seemed to have had their beginning in near connection with the day set apart for special devotional services in their behalf. In Madison College, (Ind.) the number of conversions had been upwards of 70.

There had entered the ministry last 186th of the past year, from 11 of the principal Theological Schools; and from the Western States, 17; altogether, it appeared that the means now in respect for the future supply of our churches, as well as for meeting the calls from new territories and pagan lands, with an educated ministry, were fearfully inadequate; making it the duty of parents to consecrate and religiously educate their most promising sons, and of youth, who would not fall of securing the highest ends of life, to prepare themselves for filling with honor and by the wide openings of Providence for their usefulness.

In reviewing by-gone years, more remarkable for religious revivals in Colleges, he brought to fresh view some scenes of solemn grandeur, the benign results of which had been felt throughout the land, and would continue to be felt, through time and eternity, in the ennobling influence of the hundreds of talented young men, who, in those seasons of divine reviving, heartily enlisted for the honor of "Christ and his Church."

A. D.

INTERPRETATION OF DREAMS.—To dream of a Millstone about your neck, is a sign of what you may expect if you marry an extravagant wife. "To dream of ice is a favorable omen to a lady, provided she relates her dream to an agreeable young man on passing a pastry-cook's shop on a hot day. To see Apples in a dream, betokens a wedding; because, where you find Apples, you may reasonably expect to find a young man who is a lover, is a sign that you will get into a hobble. When a young lady dreams of a Coffin, it betokens that she should instantly discontinue tight shoes, and always go warmly and thickly shod in wet weather. If you dream of a Clock, it is a token that you will gain great credit—that is,

From the Journal of Commerce
STRAITS OF MAGELLAN

As these Straits are to be a good deal navigated by our vessels to California, the following account of them by Capt. Morrell, of New York, in his book of voyages, published in 1832, by the Harpers, may interest some persons. He had been six times through this passage.

"The Straits are about 375 miles in length. Their course forming an elbow, or two sides of a right angled triangle. The distance across the land is about 150 miles—Cape Horn being the Southernmost Point of the South American Continent—the Island of Cape Horn being over 100 miles further South. The Straits of the Eastern entrance are between six and seven leagues wide, and have from 15 to 20 fathoms water. The tide on the Atlantic rises about 16 feet, and about 8 feet on the Pacific. The position is safe for vessels of any size, and the navigation, pleasant and easy. There are many safe and commodious harbors all the way through. Wood at water can be procured with ease, and an abundance of fish, and antiscorbutic vegetables, and birds and deer at the Eastern entrance. The land is low on both sides, like a rolling prairie. Towards the middle and West it becomes hilly and mountainous, some part of it resembling the scenery of the Hudson River."

"The country is well peopled. Near the Eastern end of the Strait, Capt. Morrell saw about 200 Indians, all on horseback; and towards the Western end he was visited on shore by more than a thousand, who were very peaceable and friendly."

"About 120 miles from the Eastern entrance is Port Famine, named by the English Navigator, Cavendish, who, in 1587, saw only a few survivors of a colony of 400 Spaniards, who had been settled here in 1581, to form a nucleus for protection to Spanish Commerce. The place was named Philipville, in honor of the reigning monarch of Spain. The unfortunate survivors were without sufficient attention to their crops. When the place was visited by Cavendish, he found only one individual alive whom he carried to England. All the rest had perished by famine but 23, who were left by land for the Isla de Plata, and were never afterwards heard of."

"Had this colony been composed of such men as are daily emigrating from New England to our Western wilderness, so far from suffering famine, they would have converted Patagonia into a fruitful country, and Philipville would have, in time, become a large city. It has the same soil, the same trees, game and wild celery, and the finest trees I ever saw; oaks, beech, and cedars, 5 to 7 feet in diameter. Some of them would make the finest masts for line of battle ships."

"The valleys are clothed with a luxuriant verdure. The climate is temperate, and, if you suffered to go a few seasons unwarmed, would soon furnish a parallel."

Captain Morrell visited the ruins of Philipville, and says that the fort erected by the Spaniards is but slightly decayed, and with little labor could be repaired and used as a harbor. The ruins of the fort are still visible. The Captain made an extraordinary discovery, the ruins of which he gives an interesting account. In the night they were disturbed by a loud roaring which he afterwards found was the South American Lion.

PUNCTUATION.—A country schoolmaster, who found it rather difficult to make his pupils observe the difference in reading between a comma and full point, adopted a plan of his own, which he flattered himself would make them proficient in the art of punctuation; thus in reading, when they came to a comma, they were to say *tick, tick*, and read on to a colon or semicolon, *tick, tick*, and when a full point, *tick, tick, tick*. Now it so happened that the parish minister was to visit of examination to his school, and as he was desirous that his pupils should show to the best advantage, he gave them an extra drill the day before the examination. "Now," said he, addressing his pupils, "when you read before the minister to-morrow, you read on the *ticks*, though you must think them out as you go along, for the sake of education." So far so good. Next day came and the minister was ushered into the school-room by the Dominie, who, with smiles and bows, hoped that the training of the scholars would meet his approval. Now it so happened that the first boy called up by the minister had been absent the preceding day, and in the hurry, the master had forgotten to give him his instructions how to read. The minister asked the boy to read a chapter in the Old Testament, which he pointed out. The boy complied, and in his best accent began to read—And the Lord spoke unto Moses, saying, *tick, tick*, and thus, *tick, tick*, and thus, *tick, tick, tick*. This unfortunate boy, in his own mind, acted like a snapper-bait on the poor Dominie, while the minister and his friends almost died with laughter.

SOCIETY.—Society has its great men and its little men, as the earth has its mountains and its valleys. But the inequalities of intellect, like the inequalities of the surface of our globe, bear so small proportion to the mass, that in calculating its great revolutions, they may safely be neglected. The sun illuminates the hills, while it is still below the horizon; and truth is, while it is still below the horizon, it is the light of the intellect, which is the light of the intellect. This is the extent of their superiority. They are the first to catch and reflect a light which, without their assistance, must, in a short time, be visible to those who lie far beneath them."

WHO FIRST DISCOVERED THE GOLD IN CALIFORNIA, is now becoming a very exciting question, the settlement of which, we opine, lies between the gentleman who composed the United States Exploring Expedition and Capt. Sutter, of Sutter's Fort